

Chapter 1: “Returning” to the Entertainment Industry: Huge Blunder

 giraffecorps.liamak.net/tishen02-001/

By a giraffe

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Huanyu Building

The black Jaguar slowly came to a stop outside the doors. The security guards immediately hurried forward, opening both the front and back doors at practically the same time. They greeted the two men getting out of the car respectfully, “President Su! Mr. Jing!”

“Mm.” Su Yi Mo responded indifferently, then ordered, “Park the car in the parking lot and give the keys to my assistant afterwards.”

“Of course, President Su!” A security guard took the offered keys and drove the car toward the underground parking lot.

Su Yi Mo reached up to adjust his tie and said to Ran Feng Ge, “Come!”

The two of them stayed close to each other under the guise that Su Yi Mo wanted to look after Ran Feng Ge while he was still “recovering from major injuries.” As a result, their steps were half a beat slower than usual.

Ran Feng Ge had a slender figure, but even though his face was still somewhat pale, his complexion seemed to have improved greatly.

Many people greeted them between the walk through the entrance and the lobby. Ran Feng Ge nodded to them one after another and smiled back.

Su Yi Mo first led Ran Feng Ge to the 20th floor, where the latter worked.

Compared to the lobby below that was filled with friendly, bustling colleagues, this floor appeared to be very empty. Ran Feng Ge wrinkled his brows and speculated to himself: Could it be that Jing Qiu Han didn't have a good reputation in the entertainment circle? Was that why all the celebrities, directors, and screenwriters on the floor decided to pretend they didn't know he was returning and vanished without a trace?

Tsk tsk, Ran Feng Ge continued his inner criticism. To be honest, it wasn't all that surprising. Jing Qiu Han had hooked up with the company's president, Su Yi Mo. Since then, his career had flourished greatly. It's no wonder that those who had struggled for a long time envied and resented him. Then again, it was better for Ran Feng Ge that there wasn't anyone to welcome him back. It saved him the effort of having to navigate more social circles. It would be bad if he gave himself away.

Having that thought in mind, Ran Feng Ge pushed open the door to the celebrity break room.

—Bang! Bang! Bang!

Ran Feng Ge's first reaction was that there were people lying in wait inside the room preparing to ambush “Jing Qiu Han.” His second was that, perhaps those people had switched their target to Su Yi Mo instead. After all, hadn't someone sent a pizza bomb to Su Yi Mo's mansion weeks ago?

And so, like a streak of lightning, Ran Feng Ge threw himself onto Su Yi Mo, causing them to roll towards the wall near the doorway.

In any case, Ran Feng Ge was wearing a bulletproof shirt, so even if he was attacked, he wouldn't be injured. If Su Yi Mo dropped dead though, who would he ask for his commission!

Ran Feng Ge continued to shield Su Yi Mo securely with his body as they hit the floor. Simultaneously, he shook out a small, delicate knife from his cuff and watched closely for an opportunity to get rid of the assassins.

The assassins had already come brazenly to the company building to kill them; how could Ran Feng Ge leave any of them alive?

He waited tensely for the assassins behind the door to walk out after realizing the lack of further sounds and movement inside the room. However, he heard an astonished voice instead: “Qiu Han?”

Quite a number of people were standing behind the door. Noisy footsteps and the low rumble of conversations gradually reached Ran Feng Ge's ears.

“Huh? Didn't Xiao Ding say they'd already come upstairs?”

“That's right. Someone had opened the door earlier. I thought that it was Qiu Han, but where is he?”

“Let's go look...”

“It couldn't have been someone else, right? Did we scare them away with our welcome back party?”

Ran Feng Ge blinked and could not react for a moment.

Su Yi Mo, who was trapped underneath Ran Feng Ge's body, pushed and stared at him with annoyance. What was Ran Feng Ge doing? Tackling him suddenly and holding him prisoner to the floor. The body double was even preventing him from moving as he wished...

Consequently, the people who had been conversing inside the room gently pulled open the half-closed door and poked their heads out to look around. For a moment, the hallway was filled with nothing but the sound of gasps.

An astounding scene graced their eyes—“Jing Qiu Han” currently had their esteemed president Su Yi Mo pressed to the floor. His posture was questionable, as if he had been planning to do something. At that moment, however, the actor was staring at them with a look of astonishment, his eyes full of confusion.

And their esteemed president that was currently pressed to the floor was wearing an expression of complete helplessness that was shot through with a tiny sliver of indulgence.

Could it be... Had they interrupted the two men?

Not sensing any murderous intent, Ran Feng Ge slid the small, fine knife back into his cuff. He turned away from the crowd and looked at Su Yi Mo.

Su Yi Mo gave a helpless sigh. He'd pretty much figured it out by now. Ran Feng Ge had mistaken those “bang bang bang” sounds for gunshots earlier, which was why he'd thrown himself onto Su Yi Mo so frantically and put them out of range of the doorway.

This action made Su Yi Mo feel a sliver of gratification deep within his heart. He hadn't expected body doubles to be this dedicated to their jobs. Not only would they secretly ensure the safety of the person they were substituting for, they would also simultaneously watch out for their employer's safety. Sure enough, he hadn't hired the wrong person.

Su Yi Mo propped himself up on an elbow and sat up. Ran Feng Ge had already rolled sideways, preparing to stand up with a somewhat embarrassed expression.

Ran Feng Ge had heard everything the crowd was discussing inside the break room. It had actually been a welcome back party for him. Why did they need to be so secretive about it?

He'd been so anxious thinking that the assassins had come!

Great, his first day "on the job" and he'd already made a fool of himself. That was just too embarrassing!

He lowered his head and propped his palm against the floor, just when he was about to stand up, someone extended their hand to him. He looked up and saw Su Yi Mo smiling at him with a pair of warm eyes that were so suffused with love that they were practically overflowing.

"That's enough, everyone, no more laughing. Xiao Han is a bit traumatized from the incident; getting injured back then really shook him up. And really, all of you, what are you doing giving people such a scare with your welcome back party?"

That well-timed gentle explanation helped Ran Feng Ge recover from his embarrassment.

He reached out and grasped the warm hand Su Yi Mo had extended. That was right. He'd realized ages ago that Su Yi Mo only had a cold personality; his body temperature was actually higher than the average person's. Moreover, Su Yi Mo had a warm and compassionate side beneath his mask; it was just that ordinary people had no way of seeing that side of him.

Borrowing Su Yi Mo's hand to stand, Ran Feng Ge smiled gently at everyone. But he couldn't stop his eyes from flitting across to rest on Su Yi Mo, who had already returned to wearing his usual austere, iceberg-like expression.

He found that, his heart... seemed to have skipped a beat.

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Chapter 2: “Returning” to the Entertainment Industry: Perfect Act

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Coincidentally, Su Yi Mo looked toward Ran Feng Ge at the same time. Ran Feng Ge quickly retracted his eyes, his heart accelerating to the beat of a marching band—Bang! Bang! Bang!

“Traumatized? We were in the wrong then, please don’t mind us Qiu Han! We just wanted to give you a surprise!” A young and bubbly girl with her hair in a ponytail clasped her hands together and sincerely apologized, “I’m so sorry!”

Ran Feng Ge racked his brains for information on the girl—Xia Ming, Jing Qiu Han’s assistant. She was a cheerful, although a bit clumsy girl. She liked gossiping with others, and occasionally caused problems, which were of the harmless sort most of the time.

“Xia Xia, thank you. This must have been your idea, right?” Ran Feng Ge responded, demonstrating his versatility to adapt to situations. Luckily, he had previously investigated the people around Jing Qiu Han. Even though it was a quick improvisation, he knew he had done well when he saw the wide smile on Xia Ming’s face.

“Ah! Qiu Han, as long as you’re not angry at me!” Xia Ming replied excitedly. She then glanced at the iceberg of a president beside Ran Feng Ge and added in a low whisper, “President Su, please don’t be angry...”

Su Yi Mo had been silently observing Ran Feng Ge as the body double handled the situation. He was rather impressed by Ran Feng Ge’s act; the latter was able to play his role well even when facing a stranger. Ran Feng Ge was truly a professional.

Hearing Xia Ming’s apology, Su Yi Mo replied lightly, “No. You all can continue your party. I’m leaving first.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Su Yi Mo turned towards Ran Feng Ge and very naturally slipped an arm around the latter’s shoulders. He leaned in and placing a soft kiss on Ran Feng Ge’s lips. “Take it easy today. Wait for me tonight and we’ll go home together.”

“...Okay,” Ran Feng Ge replied, immersed in his role again. He reached out and adjusted Su Yi Mo’s tie before adding softly, “Don’t work too hard as well.”

Everyone else in the hall stared at the affectionate couple before them, enchanted by the sight.

Why they finally recovered themselves, Su Yi Mo had already turned around and was walking away. One by one, they called out, “See you later, President Su!”

“Qiu Han, come in! Stop looking so reluctant, you’ll see each other again tonight!” Xia Ming pushed Ran Feng Ge into the break room, the others trailing behind them.

“Yeah, that’s right. Nowadays, is there anyone who doesn’t know how madly in love the two of you are?”

“President Su was so cool when he’d admitted to being in a relationship with you at the hospital entrance right after you had been discharged!”

“I envy you, President Su treats you so well. He even halted the filming of *Bu Bu Jie Lang* for you. Thanks to that, all of us were given paid leave... Hehe, it was all thanks to you!”

“Now that you are back, we can only rest for one more day. President Su had especially informed us that filming would restart tomorrow. Today’s the day when we can reorganize ourselves. We’ll be going back onsite tomorrow.”

While half-listening to the others’ conversation, Ran Feng Ge looked around the room. The first things he saw inside were the colorful balloons and streamers. Hanging at the back was a red banner with large gold letters—Welcome Back Qiu Han!

Right in the middle of the room was a huge cake, along with bottles of champagne and bowls of fruit. In the corner of the room stood a sound system, complete with a large TV and microphones. It seemed they had been preparing for karaoke.

Luckily, Ran Feng Ge had prepared himself by learning all of Jing Qiu Han’s songs. Otherwise, his secret would surely be revealed if he were dragged to the front and made to sing.

Turning back to the group, he saw the warm smiles on everyone’s faces. Ran Feng Ge didn’t know how to describe his feelings at the moment. There was envy, sadness, and touching affection all at once. He couldn’t even tell if he were feeling this way because he was acting as Jing Qiu Han or if those feelings belonged to himself.

In the end, Jing Qiu Han wasn’t someone who was hated upon or envied by others. Rather, everyone seemed to hold him close and dear.

Then that meant he had been worrying for nothing about the suspicious relationship between Jing Qiu Han and Chasing Hawk.

It wasn’t too hard to understand. Love was strong emotion. If Jing Qiu Han had Su Yi Mo’s love, why would he bother wasting time and complying with the disciplines of his old organization? It was inevitable that he would betray his past.

Ran Feng Ge smiled and sincerely bowed to every person inside the room. “Everybody, thank you!”

“You don’t have to be so polite with us!” Xia Ming pulled him to the table. “Let’s get today’s VIP to cut the cake!”

Without further ado, Ran Feng Ge picked up the knife and divided the cake into even pieces. Someone else poured out glasses of champagne. Once he was done cutting the cake, Ran Feng Ge handed a piece to each person: Xia Ming, his bubbly assistant; Amy, his make-up artist; Lin Wei, his designer; Jenny, his stylist; and lastly, his fellow actors in *Bu Bu Jie Lang*, Tang Jin, Xu Nuo, Zhan Yi Fei, and Wen Xin.

“Welcome back!”

“Cheers!”

“Thank you!”

After they finished the cake and champagne, Ran Feng Ge was pushed up to the microphone.

“Qiu Han, we want to hear you sing!”

“All right, I knew I wouldn’t be able to get away this time,” replied Ran Feng Ge. He picked up the microphone and signaled Xia Ming to pull up a song on the TV screen. “To express my gratitude, I’ll sing *Thankful Heart* for everyone!”

“No! We want to hear *Hopeless Love*! The title song of your new album!”

“Yes! We want to listen to *Hopeless Love*!”

“*Hopeless Love! Hopeless Love!*”

Ran Feng Ge searched through his memory for the song called *Hopeless Love*, but came up blank. He cursed his bad luck and wondered if the song was in an album that had yet to be released.

"Can't you let me keep it under wraps for a little longer? You can listen to it after I release my new album," Ran Feng Ge said with feigned composure.

"No! You promised us last time! You said you would sing it for us after you've returned from Paris. You can't break your promise!"

"Quickly, sing it!"

"I had a hard time getting the accompaniment from Aaron. Qiu Han, just grant our wish please!"

Ran Feng Ge sighed in defeat, silently reasoning to himself that since no one had ever heard the song, it should be fine if he improvised on the spot. In any case, no one would know if he were singing the right song...

As the intro of the song came on, Ran Feng Ge turned around to face the large TV. The lyrics appeared on the screen and the background image changed. Ran Feng Ge tried to use his heart to feel the beat of the accompaniment. Then, throwing all caution to the wind, he raised the microphone and began to sing.

To avoid getting distracted, Ran Feng Ge stared at the TV screen the whole time he sang. Everything around him blurred and faded into the background. By the time he finished the song and turned around to face the group, he found them staring at him with wide eyes and open jaws.

Eh... Could it be... Had he sung out of tune?

"That sounded so good!"

"Qiu Han, listening to you sing live is such an amazing feeling!"

"Here's to wishing the album great success!"

Ran Feng Ge released the breath he was holding. He was terrified of the idea that he had sung out of tune.

"Oh right, can I ask where Yang-jie is?" Ran Feng Ge quickly asked Xia Ming after getting away with just one song.

Celebrities always came with managers, right? While reading up information on Jing Qiu Han, Ran Feng Ge came across someone named Yang Yang, who was Jing Qiu Han's manager. Although everyone had gathered together to throw a party for him, the only one missing was his manager. Wasn't that suspicious? And if he were to not show even a hint of concern for said manager, he would become suspicious as well.

"Ah! And here I thought that you had forgotten all about Yang-jie! Since you have to continue filming *Bu Bu Jie Lang*, Yang-jie has gone to see the director to discuss filming plans and also to bring the script back for you."

"Oh, so that's how it is." Ran Feng Ge chuckled slightly. "Good thing I saved a piece of cake for Yang-jie."

"Hehe, actually, Yang-jie did not attend the party on purpose. She's so straight-laced that she was afraid that she wouldn't be able to refrain from nagging at us after seeing us make so much noise. As the saying goes, out of sight, out of mind!" Xia Ming stuck out her tongue playfully.

Ran Feng Ge nodded in agreement. "That makes sense. Then I'll cut you another piece of cake!"

"Ah, no! If I eat anymore, I am going to gain weight!"

"How can that be? Xia Xia, you're the type that would never gain weight no matter what you eat!" Ran Feng Ge complimented.

A smile spread across Xia Ming's face, Ran Feng Ge's words putting her in a good mood.

Wow, and here I thought that after coming back, Qiu Han would have a hard time joking around with us like he did before. After all, he did have a near death experience! Not only is he not worrying about every little thing, he actually seems more cheerful than before.

Ah... That mesmerizing smile of his... Too bad he's already been claimed. Who on earth would have the guts to fight President Su for his lover!

After the party ended, everyone returned to their respective offices. Ran Feng Ge remained in the break room, walking around idly. If anyone asked, he was dawdling because he had been away for so long and he missed the place. In actuality, he was carefully observing the surroundings.

Afterwards, he followed Xia Ming back to his personal office. Calling it an office would be a stretch, it was more of a private lounge for Jing Qiu Han to rest in when he was tired. Ran Feng Ge took special care in exploring the nook and crannies of the room.

After all, he was going to be spending the next ten months in here.

Making his way to the table, Ran Feng Ge picked up a photo frame. It was a picture of a vibrantly smiling Jing Qiu Han with the iceberg Su Yi Mo. Unexpectedly, the iceberg had his lips upturned in a small insincere smile.

Despite keeping himself busy looking around the room, time seemed to be crawling to a standstill. It wasn't long before Ran Feng Ge finally gave up trying to sit still. After making an excuse to Xia Ming, he promptly left the room.

He wanted to find Su Yi Mo and ask if he could head home first as there was nothing going on. It was boring him out of his mind to have to sit around doing nothing.

The elevator rose from the twentieth floor up towards the thirtieth; however, it suddenly grated to a halt upon reaching the twenty-seventh floor. Ran Feng Ge pushed the buttons hurriedly, sliding his fingers down and pressing all the ones available to him. He then grabbed the emergency phone and yelled into it, "Hello? Hello? Can anyone hear me? The VIP elevator has broken down!"

The sound of interference pierced through the earpiece. The call wasn't connected!

A strange feeling washed over Ran Feng Ge. The walls of the elevator were smooth, making it impossible to scale them. He could escape through the hatch at the top, but he had no way of climbing up there. Damn it, if he knew this was going to happen, he would have brought someone along with him!

Ran Feng Ge grabbed hold onto the elevator door, wondering if he could pry them open with brute strength alone. Suddenly, a noise came from the ceiling. Ran Feng Ge gazed up at the hatch—someone was trying to get in from above!

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